

tried to pray to the Lord but could not. I groaned at his Majesty's feet till I was weary with groaning. We had to leave the child behind, the parting hour drew near, and to describe how I then felt I beg to omit. I took the little one in my arms, silent tears rolling down my cheeks, and I kissed the lovely child till our time was up. A hasty farewell to grandmother, mother, brothers, and sister, and I was off. I had concluded to walk an hour or so ahead of the omnibus which was to carry father and wife till they overtook me. My purpose in this was that I might be entirely by myself and alone with my God.

When I arrived at about a quarter of a mile from the town, I looked upon the place where I was born both naturally and spiritually—the town that held my child under some pretence or other—I leaned for awhile on the cane or stick I was carrying, and with the last gaze upon the old place, I said: “Farewell, thou place of my childhood and youth, I shall never see thee any more. Farewell, ye people who have loved me, and ye who have been offended at my following Jesus. You have done it ignorantly, I verily believe, and may God forgive you and shower his blessings upon you all. Farewell, grandmother, father, mother, brothers and sister, farewell. I shall never see you any more. I pray God to bless you all for Jesus' sake. Fare thee well, my darling babe. Fare thee well for the present. I have ob-